And kept as a secret token, There are faded flowers and letters dim With the tears that have rained above

For the fickle words and faithless hearts That taught us how to love them. There are sighs that come in our joyous

hours To chasten our dreams of gladness. And tears that spring to our aching eyes In hours of thoughtful sadness.

For, the blithest birds that sing in spring Will flit the waning summer, And lips that we kissed in fondest love Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where the lilies rest In white hands still forever, The roses of June will nod and blow. Unheeding the hearts that sever. And lips that quiver in silent grief, All words of hope refusing, Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys

That perish with the using. Summer blossoms and winter snows, Love and its sweet elysian, Hope, like a siren dim and fair, Quickening our fainting vision Drooping spirit and failing pulse, Where untold memories hover, Eyelids touched with the seal of death,

And the fitful dream is over.

From Shop to Mansion.

The Romantic Story of a Dress Maker's Rise in Life.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

[Copyrighted, 1889. There was barely time to pack the trunk before the carriage would be at the door to carry her to the station, and she had little time to think of any thing but the details of the unexpected journey. Mr. Falconer took a roll of bills from his bill-book. "Isabel," he said, "I wish you to go amply provided to do whatever is needed for your aunt, you can help her now to advantage. Please feel no restrictions whatever, and if there is not enough ask for more, and leave her comfortable." "Mr. Falconer!" she said, in a trembling

"I do not wish any one who has loved and befriended you to sufferneed, when we have such abundance. I should he ashamed of myself could I allow it." He spoke kindly and firmly.

"I can not tell you how gratifying it will be to me to be able to relieve the distress I expect to find," she said, as she put the bills

As the train whizzed along her mind took a retrospective turn. Only three short months ago, and she had passed over this road a bride, in such a maze of strangeness that she hardly realized that it was herself. Her book of experiences had been unfolding ever since, and what a delightful one it was, so widely different from any thing she ever dreamed of, and she thought of her husband with a warm thrill at her heart. "The kindest and most unselfish of men," she murmured, "and Gracie, sweet darling! could a mother ask for a lovelier

She was thoroughly rested now. Mind and body had been treated to such an entire change that she was once more buoyant with life and energy, and the previsiness produced by the long routine of work and mental aggravation, which had so worn upon her nervous system, had passed away, and she was going to her aunt in her with every faculty on the alert, and with her tenderness aroused toward the friend who had been all the mother she had ever known.

A lady sat before her, holding a little girl n her arms: the child was peevish. "Go in her arms; the child was peevish. to sleep, dear," said the lady, kindly. "Lay your head on my shoulder and take a nap. "Oh, auntie, I can't!" The child was almost sobbing with excitement and weariness, for they had come a long journey. "Auntie!" The word, so familiar, struck

a vibrating chord in Isabel's heart, and reminded her of the loving care her aunt had given her in the old days, before poverty and sorrow had come to wring her heart and chill her affections. One time of sickness she remembered in

particular, when Mrs. Harmon had nursed her night and day for weary weeks, and tears of joy rose to her eyes as she remembered that she had it in her power to repay, in some measure, her debt of grati-Meanwhile Mrs. Harmon was sitting in

her poor home in a maze of sorrowful trouble; John Harmon had been unusually dissipated for the last six months, and her poor heart had sank away down, out of sight of hope or courage, and she had prayed wildly that something might come to change the miserable routine.

Something had come; he was a carper ter, and in ascending a ladder in a state of intoxication his foot slipped, and, falling, his neck was broken, causing instantdeath, and when he was carried to his miserable home. which he had left that morning with curses and threats, the poor wife felt as if in some way she was responsible for the awful oc-

She longed for, yet dreaded, Isabel's advent in the shabby little cottage. She had written so little since her marriage that her aunt had little idea of what her manner of life was now, but she was sure of one thing, that it would be painful to her to come into the home, which had so long sheltered her, and see the ravages drink had made, for she had been obliged to part with every thing of value in the house, an old secretary and a shabby old bureau and a battered sewing-machine the only pieces of furniture left which were not actually indispen-

She remembered only too well the girl's last stay at home; now her very soul rose up in rebellion against John Harmon's course, and the bitter words and scornful looks which made it relief when she went away, for he was not a man to bear interference, and Isabel's fiered disapproval only drove him into more dogget persistence in wrong doing.

She almost repented sending for her, as she thought it all over, and then a longing desire to see her, to lean upon her strong young arm for support, would possess her, and she could hardly await patiently the hour of her arrival.

She was not prepared then for the scene when Isabel, in blooming health and ele gantly attired in a rich traveling suit, came in at the humble door, and taking the poor tried and prematurely aged little woman ir her arms, petting and kissing her as she cried, tearfully: "Dear auntie; my poor, sad hearted auntie."

CHAPTER VIL John Harmon was laid in a drunkard's grave, and the tears which were shed were more for the "might have been" and for the wasted life so suddenly brought to a close than for sorrow that he had gone. Indeed, a brighter atmosphere was even now pervading the house, as the fact became more tangible that no more blows or curses were to be dealt out there, and the children began to look brighter, and lose their cowed, scared look, and all planne and looked forward to the future, as if a great black cloud had rolled off their horizon, as indeed there had. Alas! that an man should so conduct himself that th best and kindest thing he can do for his family is to die and free them from his

presence. The children had gone to bed, and Isabe and her aunt were alone in the shabby little room which was dignified by the name of parlor. "Now, auntie, tell me all your plans," she said, taking the wrinkled, hard working hand of her aunt in hers.

"I don't know as I can, child," replied Mrs. Harmon. "This has come so sudden like it seems as if I'd had no time for any definite plans. I shall go along in the same old way probably, working hard and having She had been unusually despondent this evening, and life had a hard, far-away

"Are there any debts to pay," and Isabel's voice had a reassuring business ring. "Yes, a few that I know of. I have struggled hard to keep from debt, but I could not succeed," and she sighed heavily. "Didn't Uncle John have any business papers. Perhaps there are receipted bills or

unsettled accounts in the old secretary. "Perhaps so. I'll leave it all with you, courage to do any thing to night," said the

Isabel rose and, going to the old desk, drew out from a drawer a bundle of papers, unpaid bills, contracts for labor and per unimportant-papers, and lastly a long official envelope, which she eagerly opened. "Oh, auntle, come and see," she cried, joyfully; "Uncle John had a life insurance." "Are you sure, child?" Mrs. Harmon's voice trembled with eager hope. "Can it be

It was possible; a glib insurance man had attacked John Harmon one day when he was unusually pliable, and had worked upon him until, partly from a sense of justice and partly from a very natural desire to be rid of the man's persistence, he had taken out a policy of a thousad dollars -a little fortune in this time of need. He had felt ashamed of the unpremed-

itated provision as soon as he had made it, and deposited the policy in the old desk without a word. "Oh, Isabel, what a wonderful providence," cried Mrs. Harmon, as she read the paper and took in the welcome cer-

tainty. Her apathy was all gone now, and her eyes began to sparkle with the rays of a new hope. "This will pay every debt and leave quite a large sum besides. I can plan, now that there seems to be something to plan with."

"Oh, my dear auntie, you have plenty to plan with," said Isabel, joyfully. "I have the very best husband in the world, and I have come prepared to repay you for a little of the love and care you have given me from infancy. All there is for you to do is to make up your mind what course you wish to pursue, and the means shall not be wanting."

"Have you, then, married a man who is able to allow you to do this?" said Mrs. Harmon, looking into Isabel's glad eyes with surprise.

"Not only able, but willing, auntie," and she repeated her conversation with Mr. Falconer before starting, and named the large sum he had given her.

"Isabel, child, I ought not to take it, indeed I ought not," cried the widow with emotion; "your generosity forces me to tall. ou a secret which I have never though best to divulge until now. "A secret?" said Isabel, surprised in her

"Yes, a secret. I ought not to take your money, dear child, for really you are not re lated to me, and I have no claim on you for such liberality."

"Not related to you!" echoed Isabel 'Auntie Harmon, what do you mean?" "Just what I say, Isabel," replied Mrs. Harmon. "I have never told you the story of your parentage, fearing it would make you uneasy and dissatisfied with your hum-



"NOW, AUNTY, TELL ME YOUR PLANS

ble home, and the hard, humiliating work which I saw no way to prevent your doing: but now that you have a husband and a position to sustain in society it is fitting that you should know who you are, and that not a drop of my humble blood runs in your

"You are good and kind, and have been a true mother to me; you shall not underrate yourself," said Isabel, warmly; "but, oh! do tell me of this strange thing.' "We were just married, John and I

Isabel, child, pardon me if I continue to name you as a relative.' "Auntic" interrupted Isabel, deprecat-

ingly.
"You can not realize, perhaps, that John was a kind husband, and that I was one of the happiest of wives. We lived in a large, handsome cottage then, and were quite well to do at the time you were born. The first shot had been fired at Fort Sumter the previous January, and a young Southern gentleman came here with his young wife, who was an invalid, and he had brought her North not only to escape the fierce heat of a Southern summer, but to avoid the excitement of the troubled times which she, in her weak state, was poorly able to bear. He was of a rich and influential family, or he could not have passed the lines, even in that early stage of the National troubles, and nothing but the devoted love he cherished toward his wife would have kept him out of the fray.

"They were accompanied, of course, by an old black nurse, Maum Chloe, who had nursed and waited on your mother since her nfancy; but in spite of the tender care which she and the tender young husband had lavished upon her, the young wife continued to fade, and he stopped here on their way to the South, and decided to remain here until after you were born, hoping that she would then be better able to travel, and to face the excitement of the war times at

"Searching for a quiet boarding place, for he hotel was far from being a pleasant ome for an invalid, he happened upon us, nd at his earnest solicitation I consented furnish them rooms and board for a few nonths, and in nine weeks from the time hey came you were born." "Then I am of Southern birth?" said Isa-

oel, who was listening to the story with earnest eagerness.

"Yes, and your name was Isabel Carringn. Your father was an ardent sympathizer with the South, as it was natural he should be, and we kept our lips tight closed o repress the words of patriotism which ourned to come out, out of deference to our guests. It was not for long, however, for your poor mother, poor young thing, was not strong enough to rally after your birth, and in our intense anxiety for her all secional differences were forgotten for the ime, and we watched over her as if there vere no interests outside her sick cham-She only lived a few weeks, and the var was fully under way, and though your father was almost distracted with grief it his loss and the necessity of leaving her here, he saw no better way than to bury her in Northern soil, until such time as he could come and remove her to his home, which I think was on a plantation near Richmond. They were wealthy, I knew, from their conversa-

tion, though they did not show it by assuming superior airs, as so many people do, and I came to love your dear young mamma very much. After she died your father was more than ever anxious to throw himself into the war, but, of course, it was not o be thought of taking a tender babe like ou with him, even if he could have passed e lines with you in safety. So, with a ther's natural feelings at parting with ou, he left you in old Chloe's and my joint ire, leaving with me an ample sum of oney to care for you both, expecting with esanguine folly so many were guilty of hat the war would soon be over, and that e would return and take you South. Poor ld Chloe pined and mourned for her young nistress, and grieved over her home until she was a mere shadow of herself and an easy prey to the severity of her first winer in a cold climate, and she, too, died, and a and I were left alone."

"My poor, darling mamma," said Isabel, with a tear of pity for the young mother she had never seen, "and my father-my or, brave papa! Never came back, and we never heard

from him after that day, when he left us so heart-broken at leaving you, his little subci (you were named after your grandnother), and the grave of his Alicia, whom e loved with an almost idolatrous passion, and yet so eager and earnest to join his untrymen in their struggle. It is prob-

"It may be none of them survived the fortunes of war," said Isabel, thoughtfully; but please tell me more of my parents, I have so longed to know of them, and thought it strange that you were so reticent concerning them, and now my interest is re-

"You resemble your father," said Mrs. Harmon, raising her chin and looking in her face, "though your eyes and hair are Then trouble came in the form of sick the your mother's; she was a very beautiful woman, but your father was plain, though | were laid in the grave, and Lottle had the with a face of great intelligence and strength; you are like him in character, too. I have both their pictures in a locket which was left in old Chloe's care for you, and I have always intended to most willing of men, was no longer young give it to you, but the right time has never seemed to come until now. I have been obliged to hide it, for it is very valuable, and I feared it would be sold with the rest of our valuables," and a hot blush of shame stole over her face for the memory of the dead, and rising, she dragged out the old bureau, bringing out a box from behind it, which she placed in Isabel's hand. It was an old-fashioned locket, of solid,



IT WAS AN OLD-FASHIONED LOCKET.

neavy gold, set in a rim of small, sparkling diamonds, and suspended on a chain of rare value. It was indeed a beautiful girlish face which looked out at Isabel as she touched the spring reverently; the other face was, as Mrs. Harmon had said, one of great force and character, and she could see her own resemblance to it as she looked at it long and earnestly.

"This is indeed a revelation, Aunt Debby, she said, pressing the pictured face to her is, and you were wise that you did not tell me before, for it would have made the unhappy phases of my lot doubly unhappy if I had known they were not my birthright, and still have been powerless to remedy the wrong, but now I am sure Mr. Falconer will never rest until he has found out all there is to know about my family." "You see now, my dear Isabel," said Mrs. Harmon, "that it is not right for me to ac-

cept this assistance from you, now that you know the facts." "I only see that I am the more indebted to you, since there is not even the slight ties of blood which I supposed to bind me

"But I loved you, child, and so much that I did not call you by your own name, fearing that you would not love me as well if you did not believe yourself to be my kindred," said Mrs. Harmon. "I fear I have been too selfish in my love, and I ought to have orought you up as Isabel Carrington. "And don't I love you, too?" cried Isabel, impulsively, ignoring Mrs. Harmon's self reproach; "and yet you refuse me the small pleasure of making you comfortable after the long, weary years of trouble you have endured; but I shall not listen to your objections," and she shook her head wilulty, "as you will find out when I unfold my plans, since you object to planning for

It was very pleasant to the widow to have a stronger will to plan and think for her, and she submitted with gentle remonstrances, while Isabel made the purchase of a larger and more convenient house, refurnishing and stocking it with necessities to last for months, and purchased new wardrobes entire for the children, who looked upon her as if she was a veritable fairy godmother, and, lastly, bought a new sewing machine, with every modern improvement, to take the place of the noisy, heavy-running, old "rattle-te-bang," of the children irreverently named the worn-out machine, which had so long done

its unwilling duty in earning the family "I think you can do a good deal of the embroidered fancy work which is so fashionable now," said Isabel, as she looked at the embroidery attachment to the machine. "It's nothing but a pleasure to turn this beautiful thing," said Mrs. Harmon, delightedly, as she made the wheels spin

around, "and I have regular customers enough to keep me in steady work." Isabel had placed a sum in the bank also, hich, with the insurance, when it came, would cause the widow's bank book to present quite a respectable appearance, though this Mrs Harmon did not discover until after Isabel had gone, and she found the

certificate of deposit in an envelope under Isabel paid a reverent visit to the graves of her fair young mother and of faithfu: Chloe, and with her own hands cleared away the weeds and planted a white rose on each sunken mound. A plain monu ment, bearing the words "My Mother," with the name and date, and a plain slab for Chloe's grave was her next labor of love, and she could not help hoping that by some of the strange happenings which so often occur in life some of the Carringtons might chance to find the stone, and by it know that the long-lost daughter of their

house was living and had placed it there. "Dear! dear! is it possible that you and Harvey have parted so soon?" said Mrs. Stanford, facetiously, as Isabel landed at her door tired and dusty with travel. "Yes, indeed, we had a few words and

parted." replied Isabel, laughingly, keeping up the illusion, and then she explained the circumstances which had led to her appearance in New York alone.

A few hours later they were sitting in Mrs. Stanford's own room beside an open grate; it was late September, and Isabel had told her the story of her birth, and Mrs. Stanford had received it as a very pleasant revelation, doing away with the shop-girl side of the story completely. "Really quite a romance," she said, ap-

provingly, "and, of course, Harvey will spare no pains to find out if the Carringtons are yet living." "I presume so," replied Isabel, absently.

'I am so anxious to know if my father is living, though it hardly seems probable." The very possibility thrilled her through and through. What a mercy that Mrs. Harmon con trived to keep the locket for you," said Mrs. Stanford, turning the precious relic

over carefully with critical eyes; a dia great blessings which have come to me for mond locket was a very gratifying proof c: the probable standing of Isabel's family and she appreciated it accordingly. "It will be so necessary for you to have some thing with which to prove your identity, if you do find them." "And so you met Mrs. Monteith in Phila delphia," laughed Mrs. Stanford, "and she

favor in crushing you." had but shown the same spirit she had her. and they all rejoiced in her good fortune.

self cherished. "Really, I must contrive to let her hear this delightfully romantic story of yours.' her parentage, and she changed the subject by telling her sister-in-law her plan in re gard to Lottle Ford. The lady was in a came bringing a white apron ironed to the facetious humor, and cried, gayly: "I shall last degree of nicety and her only article of expect to hear next that you and Harvey have started an orphan asylum, or at the least an invalid's retreat," and she laughed heartily at the brilliancy of her idea. "But really, joking aside," she added, more seri- tle trunk, and when Mrs. Stanford's carit will be nice for Gracie if the girl is intelligent and refined, and of course you helped down the stairs by strong, willing would not think of the thing otherwise."

"My dear sister, if you could only recover from the idea that a person is necessarily vulgar and ill bred simply because she is poor," said Isabel, with a deprecating belikes," said Mrs. McCarthy, wiping her

smile. "Oh, mother, if you only knew how hard good leddy that gives her the chance." it is for me to lie here and see you doing st much for me." The speaker was Lottie Ford; she lay upon the lounge, in the one room which answered for sitting-room, dinexpenses heavier.

home, and for many years they were so the legislature.

happy, and the wolf-poverty-kept a reness and death, and two lovely children fall which resulted in her lameness, and the little mot ier was glad to turn her faculty for fine roning to advantage in helping along, fo Mr. Ford, though the kindest and

and strong. "Don't fret, Lottie," she said, as she fitted the bosom-board into another shirt "Let us be thankful that I can get the work to do; if I could only see you getting better I could work with a light heart." And she and fearful railroad accident occurred of blame attached to any of the higher sighed as she went into the little kitchen on Friday night at 11 40 p. m., at Ridge-

for a fresh iron. "How I wish I might hear from Isabel, said Lottie, as the mother returned. have thought of her so much of late." "Yes," replied Mrs. Ford, "that basket of fruit and flowers she sent you cheered and helped you better than a half-dozen doctors'

visi's. "Doubtless she has too many interests in often, though," sighed the daughter. At that very moment Mrs. Stanford's own elegant carriage was at the front of the shabby tenement house, and Isabel, her face friend again, ran up the stairs, and, as the

door was ajar, she stepped in without knocking, and before Lottie could quite compre-hend who or what it was, she had her arms around the poor, pale little figure, crying joyfully: "Lottie, you darling, precious little Lottie, I have come to take you home

CHAPTER VIII. "Isabel, dear Isabel, is it indeed you?" and Lottie looked in the face of her friend with wan delight. "I was just wishing for

"Yes, Mrs. Falconer, Lottie has really pined for you," said Mrs. Ford, as she took Isabel's hand in hers, and looked up into the bright face with a wistful expression. "Then she shall pine no longer," replied Isabel, with a happy smile, "for I have come to take her home with me, where she is to grow well and strong again, little mother. and she patted the wrinkled hand in her's coxxingly, for she knew there would be a Browne, who was a visitor on the enstruggle is the loving mother heart before she could consent to no going.

"Home with you, Isabel!" exclaimed Lottic, her pinched face lighting up with the thought. "If you are at all able to be moved," and

Isabel took a low seat by Lottie's side and explained her plans. "How can I let her go," said Mrs. Ford, 'she's the very light of my eyes," and the tears rolled down her cheeks at the thought "I know it, Mrs. Ford, but think of the advantages; the best of medical attendance, plenty of out-door air, when she is able to go out, and a permanent and easy situation as soon as she is well enough to attend to it."

"It will be a grand thing for her," replied Mrs. Ford, more cheerfully, "and I am sure her father will be so thankful, for he has worried so much because we could not do or her as we wished."

"And now, dear, when do you think we "Whenever you wish, Isabel," replied Lottie, her eyes full of content at the prospect of the pleasant change. "I have but little packing to do; blessed be nothing, you know, when it comes to a moving day.' "I'm afraid Lottie will cut a poor figure in your handsome home," said Mrs. Ford, with a sigh, her eyes involuntarily resting on Isabel's stylish dress.

"Now, little mother, I forbid one sigh in his matter," cried Isabel. "Lottie is to be under my authority for the next year, and if I choose to load her down with pretty vrappers, and the like, I shall brook no interference; but there is vet one question to settle. Do you think, Lottle, dear, you can travel with my assistance, or shall I send for Mr. Falconer; he wished me to, in ease you needed a gentleman's care." "Mr. Falconer! Do you mean to say,

abel, that your husband would come to New York to help take care of a poor giri whom he has never seen in his life!" and Lottic raised herself on one elbow and looked in her friend's face in her surprise. "You do not know Mr. Falconer," and there was a world of pride and respect in her voice. "I do mean just that, but if you could ride to the depot in Mrs. Stanford's carriage, with your father to assist you into the train, Mr. Falconer will meet us at home with our carriage, which is a very

easy one." "I'm sure I can," said Lottie; she was ooking brighter and better already, and she tried her strength carefully and hope-

"Can you walk at all?" as Lottie raised herself on the lounge. "With the aid of my crutches," and she



I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME. fitted them under her slender arms and

walked a few steps. "Then if you think you can be ready we will start to-morrow afternoon and I will telegraph to Mr. Falconer to meet us," replied Isabel; "and as railway officials are so I have no doubt we shall get slong nicely." "The Lord will bless you, Mrs. Falconer," said Mrs. Ford, following her to the hall below, "nothing could be more opportune for Lottie, and though I shall miss her so much, I am very grateful," and tears gathered in her eyes again.

"Mrs. Ford," and Isabel looked affectionately at the loving little woman, "I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not use the more than my own selfish pleasure; rest assured it is a delight, both to Mr. Falconer and myself, to do this for Lovie," and she waved her hand with a smile at the pale little woman as the carriage drove away. Mr. Ford entered thankfully into the plan with a full heart when he came home to dinner; the news spread like wildfire through doubtless thought she was showing me a the house that Lottie was to go away and live with a rich friend who was to do all for Mrs. Stanford forgot that Mrs. Monteith her that her parents were too poor to do, All these humble neighbors were more or less interested in the pale little invalid, who had in her days of comparative strength Mrs. Stanford looked at it in a mercenary been a blessing to all of them in turn, and and social light only, while Isabel's heart now that she was going away they were the east side. I thought of steadying at McKiniey's heels all through the was full of the sweet, strange joy of having anxious to add a mite from their scanty found out the long-sought knowledge of stores to aid in her preparations.

One brought in a collar, another a piece of bright ribbon, and when Mrs. McCarthy luxury, Lottie could not refrain-from tears. Some were only able to offer assistance, and busy hands helped to put the slender wardrobe in perfect order and pack the litriage again drove to the door Lottie was hands, eager to help, and hearty good wishes followed her from the humble home. "Shure, mim, an' Miss Lottie 'll come back to yees as well and strong as any body

> [To be continued.] The Third Party in Indiana.

swate heart, an' may all the saints bless the

Indianapolis, July 30 .- Three bunable that he was killed in the first battles of ing-room and parlor, and watched the dred representatives of the People's the war, and that his letters to his people patient mother as she polished the bosom of miscarried in the excitement of the times. a fine shirt she was ironing, for Mrs. Ford for I have never heard a word from any of them."

It may be noted to the was in the was ironing, for Mrs. Ford was obliged to do a great deal of fine laundry work now that Lottie was sick and the She was a small, spare woman, with Lot- dent of the State Alliance, was made tie's gentle spirit reflected in her thin face: chairman, and it was unanimously de- ever had. We used to sleep together the sgentle spirit reflected in her thin face; it had been pretty once, in the days long, long ago, when Mr. Ford, then a thrifty mechanic, brought her to a cozy nest called fight in all the counties for members of long ago, when Mr. Ford, then a thrifty mechanic, brought her to a cozy nest called fight in all the counties for members of long to the coroner's jury at Ridge-

FATAL RAILROAD WRECK.

THE ASHEVILLE SPECIAL CRASHES INTO A FREIGHT TRAIN.

Engineer Brissenden and Fireman Brown Instantly Killed-The Story of the Sole Survivor of the Engine Crew-- 1 Care-

ville, on the line of the South Carolina Railway. It was one of the most serious occurences on the road in some time. The unfortunate event is sincerely regretted and by none more than by the fellow-workmen of Engineer Henry Brissenden and Fireman Wesher new life to think of poor Lottie very ley G. Browne, who lost their lives in has continued at railroading all his life. the wreck. Both men must have died instantaneously, and were hardly aware of the danger which threatened them before the end came. It was all done as aglow with the delight of meeting her if in an instant. It was one of those unfortunate occurrences to which criminal blame will, with difficulty, be attached to the proper parties. does seem, from what has been heard of the case, that some one on the obstructing freight train is in a measure accountable. From what could be learned yester-

day from eyewitnesses and others it must have been a terrible sight. The through train from Asheville, coming to Charleston over the South Carolina Road, was due at Ridgeville at 11.40. It is a fast special train. Conductor and engineer alike had every reason to suppose they had a clear track. But alas, such was not the case, a flickering little red light told them that danger was ahead, but too late to prevent the catastrophe, and with a heart-sickening crash the trains came together. Engineer Brissenden and Fireman gine, thought it safer to jump and try and save their lives, but in so doing they met instant death, while W. B. Johnson, the regular fireman of the engine, clung to the coal bin and today lives to tell the story of the accident in which his two friends lost their

HOW IT OCCUPRED. But how did the accident occur? A freight train in charge of Conductor Sam Herrin and Engineer George O'Brien was going west, towards Branchville. The through Asheville special with Conductor Gilbert and Engineer Brissenden had the right of way. and was running on its fast schedule on a supposedly clear track. The Asheville : pecial was due at Ridgeville at 11.44 p.m. and arrived on time. The freight train which was the occasion of the catastrophe arrived at 11.30 p.m. It was incumbent on the freight train to get out of the way of the regular passenger train and give her a clear The regulations of the road retrack. quire that the passenger train should have been given a clear track fully ten minutes before the schedule time of the passenger train. Fireman Browne, who was sitting on the box, was the first to see the red signal of danger. He cried in an excited manner, 'Look out, there is a red light!" As

Fireman Johnson, the survivor, expressed it, all on the engine saw THE FLICKERING RED LIGHT at the identical moment. Engineer Brissenden, who at the time was sitting on his box, applied the air brakes. Their danger was imminent. Young engineer. In a few seconds came the Two lives had been lost, and consideramained on the main line. About four soon at work looking for the missing. Young Browne was found near a switch stand dead. Engineer Brissen-

den was lying near the track between the cab and tender, in the last agonies. DIED ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY. Young Browne in jumping must have struck against the switch stand and broken his neck. The engineer was badly crushed about the hip and body, and no doubt died from internal injuries received from the jump. It

Capt. S. C. Gilbert, the conductor of the passenger train, was thrown with | Hamlin Organs surpassed by none. Sterconsiderable force from his seat. He ling Organs, \$50 up. Every Instrument received a slight injury about the head. Neither of the brakemen nor any of the passengers on the train were at all in-They were all very naturally badly frightened and somewhat de-

moralized The dead bodies were brought to the city yesterday morning at 11 o'clock and sent to Undertaker Rehkopf's, in and Madooda, in the province of Guie-Woolfe street, to be prepared for bu-

THE SURVIVOR'S STORY. The fireman of the ill-fated train, Mr W. B. Johnson, was perhaps the only eyewitness to the unfortuhate accident He was seen at his boarding honse yes terday morning by the reporter for the Sunday News, to whom he gave a con nected and intelligent account of the accident. With a pencil and paper he drew an outline of the situation. The kind to ladies, and especially invalid ladies, station he described as being on the east side of the side track on which the freight ought to have gone. About eight cars were on the side track and the remainder of the train was on the main line. The collision was at ar engine were derailed. "We were," he station, and the station is about eight or ten car lengths from the switch where the accident occurred, before we saw the flagman with the red light. We were at almost the point where we saw the light as it was a very flickering one. The brakes were immediately applied. I do not believe Engineer Brissenden had time to reverse the engine and if he did I do not think it would have prevented the collision. Both my friend Browne and Brissenden jumped from off the same side, the east side of the cab. I would have followed them, but could not do so. To have jumped from the west side I would have run the risk of being thrown under the myself by the lever rod, but feared the campaign.

jar would throw the furnace door open on me. A GRIP FOR DEAR LIFE. "I can never tell what prompted me to do so, but I caught held of the framework, used to keep the coal banked up, and held to it as tightly as I could. The crash came and I was almost completely covered with lumps of coal. My fingers, as you see, are cut up by the coal and my legs are badly bruised in some way. I got out of the heap of coal as soon as I could. The furnace door had been thrown open and where I was pinioned by the coal was not over lifteen inches from the length of the licking of the flames from the furnace."

eyes on the corner of her apron; "bless her WHERE IS THE FLAGMAN? Mr. Johnson did not know what had become of the dagman, who had been known as "Boozer." He was not at the scene when the inquest was being held neither was the conductor of the train Mr. Johnson will no doubt be able to

brother to me, and the best friend I ville before coming to Charleston.

The reason the headlight of the freight train was not seen was because it was obstructed by a box car on the side track immediately ahead of the

freight engine. The passenger engine, No 16, was badly damaged. Her car box was split and a number of bumpers smashed.

AT THE WRECK. Superintendent Agnew went on a special train to the scene of the accident, and had the road cleared before the arrival of any of the passenger trains. Of course, as can be readily CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 2 -A fatal seen, there cannot be even a suspicion officials of the road. Whatever wrong there was it appears belongs to the freight train. HARBY BRISSENDEN.

Henry J. Brissenden was one of the most popular and well known engineers on the South Carolina Railway. He had hundreds of friends outside of railroad circles. Starting out in the railroad workshops as a mere lad he For about ten years he has been in charge of a locomotive, and was generally regarded as one of the safest and nerviest engineers on the road. It was he who on October 7, 1887, made what is claimed to be the fastest run with Capt. George Cleary, from Columbia to Charleston, that has ever been made on a Southern road. The train left Columbia at 1.02 P. M., with engine 16, the same one in Friday night's accident, and rolled into the Charleston depot at 3.52, making the distance of one hundred and thirty miles in one hundred and seventy minutes, including eight stops. It was Engineer Brissenden who was running the engine which was derailed at Langley's on the night of the earthquake.

About four years ago he saw what he thought to be a bundle on the track near Rowesville. Imagine his horror when, alas, it was too late and he had crushed a poor little child, who had been playing on the track, to death. Mrs. Robinson, the horrified mother, saw the danger when it was too late. When the sturdy engineer went to his home he, too, had a little child about the same age of the tot he had killed. Lifting it up in his arms and pressing a kiss on its cheek, he wept like a babe, while he told his wife of the terrible accident of that day. They say that Henry Brissenden has never been himself since that fatal day.

Mr. Brissenden leaves a wife and several children. He was 42 years of

WESLEY BROWNE. Wesley J. Browne was a promising young man of about 24 years of age. He was a son of Sergeant-at-arms J. D. Browne, of the House of Representatives. He had gone on Friday morning to get some articles he had left on the line and was returning to Charleston on the engine Friday night, helping his friend Johnson, the regular fireman, when he met his death. Young Browne had been a fireman on the road for some time. He had recently been ruuning on the wetermelon trains and was, it is said, soon to be promoted. His body will be sent to Columbia. BRINGING THE BODIES HOME.

A patheti; incident occurred at Ridgeville yesterday morning when the regular passenger train stopped there. Conductor Verdrey had received instructions to stop and take the dead bodies aboard and bring them to Charleston. The passengers aboard the train witnessed the sad sight and it was not many minutes before tears were trickling down the cheeks of every-one of the twenty or more lady passengers on the train, and even the Browne was the first to jump from the gave way to their feelings.—News and train. He was soon followed by the Courier. and those who had known the men

Dastardly Trick. NEWARK, Aug. 6.-C. N. Stuart, of ble damage had been done the engine this place, owns a fine herd of Holstein and rolling stock. The freight train cows, and on Saturday it was discoverhad only gotten about eight of its cars |ed that some one had placed Paris on the switch, and about twenty re- green in the pasture. It was mixed in meal and spread along a path leading of the freight boxes were telescoped. to the place where the cows obtained Willing ! ands and anxious hearts were | water. Four of the cows have died, and a dozen more are expected to die. Mr. Stuart supplies milk to the residents of this place, and his customers were greatly excited when they heard of the poisoning, as it was feared the milk might affect them. No cases of sickness are reported however. There is no clue to the poisoners.

Pianos and Organs. N. W. TRUMP, 134 Main Street Columbia, S. C., sells Pianos and Organs, direct from factory. No agents' commust be remembered that "Old Relia-ble" Brissenden, was making the fast Piano. Mathushek Piano, celebrated schedule, and he was running at a for its clearness of tone, lightness of speed of from forty to forty-live miles touch and lasting qualities. Mason & Hamlin Upright Piano. Sterling Upright Pianos, from \$225 up. Mason & guaranteed for six years. Fifteen days trial, expenses both ways, if not satis factory. Sold on Instalments.

Fatal Floods. BOMBAY, July 30 .- During the past twenty-four hours fifteen inches of rain has fallen. The towns of Bhownugger rat, are flooded with water, which rises breast high in the streets. Three hundree people and a countless number of live stok have been drowned.

Rheumatism is cured by P. P. P. Pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, and wrists are all attacked and conquered by P. P. P. This great medicine, by its bloodcleansing properties, builds up and strengthens the whole body Rheumatism .- James Paxton, of Sa-

vannah, Ga., says he had Rheumatism so bad that he could not move from the bed or dress without help, and that he tried many remedies, but received angle. Only the front wheels of the no relief until he began the use of P.P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassaid, "about four car lengths from the sium), and two bottles restored him to The importance of purifying

blood cannot be over-estimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good healh. P. P. P. (Prickly Ash Poke Root and Pottassium) is a miraculous blood purifier, performing more cures in six months than all the sarsaparillas and so-called blood purifiers put together. Will Follow McKinley.
CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—Mrs. Helen M.
Gougar, the Indiana prohibitionist,

will follow Maj. McKinley all through Ohio during the campaign and talk low tariff and increased wages for freight cars. The other men were on workmen. She says she proposes to be Burned to Death. SEATTLE, Wash., July 31 .- A butcher named George Williams was burned to death and a negro cook and his wife

fatally burned in a fire which consumed

\$50,000 worth of property here last

ADVICE TO WOMEN

If you would protect yourself from Painful, Profuse, Scanty, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation you must use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for years from Menstrual Irregularity, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Begulator. Its effect is truly wonderful. J. W. STRANGE. Book to "WOMAN" mailed FREH, which contains valuable information on all female diseases. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Padgett Pays the Freight

GREAT OFFER THAT MAY NOT AGAIN BE REPEATED, SO DO NOT DELAY, "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT." Write for Catalogue now, and say wha paper you saw this advertisement in. Remember that I sell everything that oes to furnishing a home-manufactur ing some things and buying others in the largest possible lots, which enables me to wipe out all competition.

> HERE ARE A FEW OF MY START LING BARGAINS A No. 7 Flat top Cooking Stove, ful size, 15x17 inch oven, fitted with 21 pieces of ware, delivered at your own depot all freight charges paid by me, for only Twelve Dollars. Again, I will sell you a 5 hole Cookin

Range 13x13 inch oven, 18x2e inch top, nt ted with 21 pieces of ware, for THIR-TEEN DOLLARS, and pay the freight to DO NOT PAY TWO PRICES FOL

YOUR GOODS. I will send you a nice plush Parlor suit, walnut frame, either in combination of banded, the most stylish colors for 33.50, your sailroad station, freight paid. I will also sell you a nice Bedromos un onsisting of Bureau with glass, 1 high nead Bedstead, 1 Washstand, 1 Centre table, 4 cane seat chairs, 1 cane seat and

o your depot. Or I will send you an elegant Bedroom suit with large glass, full marble top, for \$30, and pay freight. Nice window shade on spring roller > 00 Clegant large wainuts day clock, Vainut lounge,

pack rocker ailfor 16.50, and pay freigh

Lace curtains per window, I cannot describe everything in a small advertisement, but have an immense store containing 22,600 feet of floor room, with ware houses and factory buildings in other parts of Augusta, making in all the lar gest business of this kind under one man agement in the Southern States. Thes oresand warehouses are crowded with the chaicest productions of the best factor ries. My catalogue containing illustration of goods will be mailed if you will kind! ay where you saw this advertisement. Adaress, pay freight.

L. F. PAUGETT, Proprietor Padgett's Furniture, Stove and Carpet Store, 1110-1112 Broad Street, AUGUSTA, GA

SUKING MAMIGINE

MAH AND WOMAN.

?. P will purify and vitalize your bloom, create a good appetize and give your whole system tone and strength. A prominent railroad superintendent at Savannah, suffering with the first Dysnep sia, and Rheunatism say P. P. P. he never felt so well in his life and feels as if he could live forever if he and always get P. P. P."

If you are tired out fr _____ abo If you are feeling badly in the spring and out of sorts, take

If your digestive organs need toning up,

If you suffer with headache, indigestion, debility and weakness, take

P. P. P

If you suffer with rervous prostration, nerves unstrung and a general let down of the system, take For Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Scrof-ula, Old Sores, Malaria, Chronic Female Complaints, take

Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

The best blood purifier in the world.

LIPPMAN BROS., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Proprietors, LIPPMAN'S BLOCK, Savannah, Ga. WHY NOT USE OURS?

MURRAY'S IRON MIXTURE

GENUINE BLOOD TONIC!

MURRAY'S SARSAPARILLA

is a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine! We are the Manufactures and Sole Pro-This is the time of the year the system equires a tonic and the blood a purifier. Our stock of Drugs. Medicines, Chemi-cals and Druggists Sundries is complete Our facilities for filling your orders cannot be excelled, We solicit your patronage.

The Murray Drug Co.,

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GIN HOUSE. THEN BUY THE THOMAS STEAM PRESS AND SEED COTTON

ELEVATOR. It is, the most perfect system in use, unoading cotton from wagons, cleaning and delivering it into gins or stalls. Cotton does not pass through fan and press requires no pulley nor belts. It saves time

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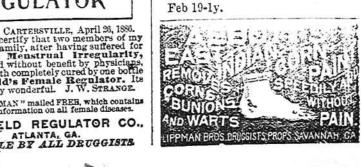
ENGINES AND BOILERS, STATION-ARY AND PORTABLE. OLD DO-FRICTION AND ROPE FEED \$200 TO \$600

We offer Saw Mill Men and Ginners the most complete outfits that can be bought and at bottom prices.

LUMMUS AND VAN WINKLE COTTON GINS AND COTTON PRESSES.

V. C. BADHAM GENERAL AGENT,

THE TALBOTT ENGINE IS THE BEST



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ey, examine the Twenty-

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Policies maturing in 1891 realize cash returns to the owners, of amounts varying from 120 to 176 per cent, of the money paid in, besides the advantages of the Assurance during the

The following is one of the many actual cases maturing this year: Endowment Policy No. 64,925. Issued in 1871, at age 27. Amount, \$5,000.

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CASH SURRENDER VALUE, \$8,449.45, (Equal to \$176.10 for each

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A LIFE ANNUITY of \$633 55

One fact is worth a thousand theories There is no Assurance extant in any company which compares with this. The Equitable is the strongest company in the world and transacts the largest business. For further information address or apply to the nearest agent of the Society, or write-

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GENERAL AGENT.

ROCK HILL, S. C. April 8-3m THE LARGEST STOCK.

LOWEST PRICES!

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Is the best place in South Carolina or Southern States to secure satisfaction in American and Italian Marble Work. All

TABLETS,

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Three Car-Loads of

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Also on hand in C' otte, N. C., a large BOSS PRESSES

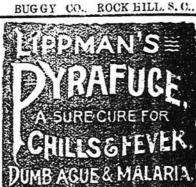
AND NEW ERA BOILERS. Place your orders before the rush; bottom prices guaranteed. First class goods.

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Year Tontine Policies of

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Premium, \$239.90. Total Premiums Paid,

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\$100 paid in premiums, which is equivalent to a return of all premiums paid, with interest at 71/2 per cent. per annum.) Or, in

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MOST SKILLED WORKMEN,

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HEADSTONES,

Ginning Machinery in Stock.

A full Car-Load of SAILOR SEED COTTON ELEVATORS.

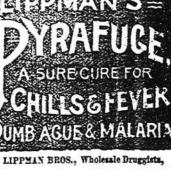
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COLUMBIA, S. C. First Class Work.

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to the President. REV. WM. R. ATKINSON, D. D.